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## ANCIENT HEIAU AT KUPOLOLO



The pictures grouped herewith give an idea of the Heiau of Kupopolo, a few miles beyond the Haleiwa Hotel, which the local antiquarians and the Promotion Committee are desirous to take some steps to save in its present condition, or to restore if that can be done. The upper left hand picture shows a section of the broken down front wall of the old temple, and the one on the right is another section of the same wall. Just below this, still on the right hand side, is a general view of the temple, and with that the Historical society committee and other members of the party, who visited the Heiau on a trip of inspection last Wednesday. The pictures were taken by Miss Post of Haleiwa.

## NEW OCTOPUS FAMILY ADOPTS HOLDOVER BABY

There Has Been a General Shifting of the Fishes in the Tanks Out at the Aquarium.

Well, a new family has moved into the octopus house at the Aquarium, the place having been repaired, and the new family has adopted the holdover baby. Of course you remember that baby. It was the little octopus that did not die when the family was moved out for repairs last week, and failed to survive the shock. You see, one baby more or less does not make any difference in an octopus family. If they do not want it around, they can eat it. Which gives a distinct advantage over folks. So far, however, the little octopus has been let alone, and so is happy. Being let alone is about all there is in life, to a young octopus—and maybe it is more to a young human, too, than most people are aware of.

The eels have moved, and generally there has been a switching around among the fishes since the tanks were

put in shape. And, by the way, they have a number of specimens of the red fish, that is supposed to come into the harbor to herald the death of a Hawaiian chief, out at the Aquarium. It seems that this fish, while not common in these waters, is being caught more or less all the time on the reef. It is said to be a fine pan fish. But when a chief is about to die, the fish comes in great schools. And where is comes from is a sea mystery. Of course this story about it coming in when a chief is about to die has been disputed. All stories tinged with romance are. But the fish has come into the harbor—and chiefs have died.

There was a big crowd at the beach yesterday, some in the surf, but more shouting themselves hoarse at the free baseball game. The absence of the band, however, was commented upon, and there was more than one Sunday loungeer who wished that Captain Berger and his men were home again.

## MISS ANNE M. PRESCOTT HAS CONFIDENCE IN SAM

Editor Advertiser: Kindly permit me to say that I have had the pleasure (and it has always been a pleasant moment in our day's work) of meeting Mr. Johnson ever since he has been connected with our road work, and to my mind he is incapable of doing an unkind act or of speaking an ugly word, far less of taking one cent from government or workingman, that was not his due. And he certainly believes in keeping Sunday and giving the laborer every bit of his due. We should have to see the figures, and foot them up—and, even then, it would only be that he tried to help the poor men to a trifle more than they were expecting; but, nothing for himself. It is too bad, poor fellow! When he went off

with a merry heart for a little rest.

We can't entirely understand how it all came about, in reading Mr. Trent's letter to the Supervisors, for there is a marked discrepancy in the way; but Mr. Johnson, we dare to assert, has received no emolument from it all. There is always harmony between criminal and crime. It is a comfort to know we have had better roads of late and Punchbowl kept tidy.

A. M. P. P. S.—"Sam Johnson" has always impressed us as a happy-go-lucky.

The vast Salton Sea in the desert part of Southern California is believed to have connected with tide-water. Barrauda, sea-perch and other salt-water fish are being caught in it.

## THE RUNAWAY MARE

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

Tom Vaughn and Hathaway were sitting on a park bench watching the parade of traps, carts, phaetons, carriages, fine horses and automobiles.

"Look, George!" said Tom, pointing down the drive as a racy chestnut colt swung into view with a smart cart at its heels and a pretty girl on the box, with a knowing footman beside her. "Look! That's the very individual I'm looking for!"

"You mean the girl or the horse?" said Hathaway.

"Did you ever see such knee action!"

"I can't see her knees, and—"

"She angles her hocks like a pupil of Del-sarte!"

"Splendid complexion!" said George, staring at the girl.

"Perfect manners and plenty of speed!" said Tom, watching the filly.

But at that moment a puffing, ghostlike automobile swept around the curve. The tippy cob stood stock still for a moment, then bucked into the air like an outlaw broncho. The girl clung bravely to the reins and brought down her whip with a resounding whack across the filly's back. That was enough. The mettlesome beast swung swiftly toward the bench where Vaughn and Hathaway had been sitting and belted over it like an Irish hunter at a six-rail fence.

"A cross-country champion—whoo!" Tom's unfinished sentence ended in a shout at the horse, for already the cart was on axle end and the girl and her footman were sprawling topsy-turvy on the grass. Hathaway picked up the bedraggled beauty, but Vaughn seized the plunging animal's bridle. The gathering crowd set the cart to rights and in another moment, pale with anger and chagrin, and with a hasty "Thank you" to the crowd, the girl was back on her perch, with the scared footman beside her.

"Now, Whalbone, you imp!" she cried at the horse, and seizing her whip she cut it hissing across the panicking flanks, so that horse and cart, pretty girl and cowering servant went flashing down the road at breakneck speed.

"I'd give five hundred to own her," said Tom, gazing after them.

"Her? You mean the girl, of course. I'd give five thousand," drawled Hathaway.

"Bradley," the girl was saying, as they neared home, "you must sell Whalbone. She won't get used to automobiles."

"All right, Miss Dunlevy."

"Take two hundred, take anything for her. I paid six hundred. We've had two upsets already—and well, I'm not ready for a funeral just yet."

"I see, miss."

"You can put an 'ad' in the paper to-night like this: 'For sale—Imported hackney-cob, four year old; sound—let's see, it wouldn't do to say 'gentle'—four-year-old, sound, on, yes, city broke, fine action, speed, style and er, well—perfect manners.' How does that sound, Bradley?"

"All right, miss. That ought to sell her, miss."

The Dunlevys were installed in their seashore home early in July.

"There's a new family at The First this year," said Mrs. Dunlevy, reading the paper over her morning chocolate, "the Vaughns, and they're from Chicago." Then, to her husband: "Know any Vaughns back home, Walter?"

"Yes. I know Horace Vaughn, but I never met his family. He has two daughters and a son, and—"

"Oh, goody for the son," laughed Miss Helen, clapping her hands, "we need a few more men; he is a man, isn't he, dad?"

"Oh, I guess so. He's of age, anyhow, I suppose it's the proper thing for me to drop in on them, isn't it, ma?"

And so it was agreed, and the next day Tom and one of his sisters called on the Dunlevys, and as the quaint old village by the Massachusetts shore began to fill up with summer pleasure seekers, and one by one the splendid homes along the coast began to take on the gay life of a new season, Miss Helen commenced to think that Tom Vaughn was not only a man, but a man amongst men. She was sitting on the veranda alone when he drove up in his cart one purple evening and cried: "Will you have a ride by the surf, Miss Dunlevy?"

And she ran down to laugh yes, and was up on the high seat beside him before he could get down to help her. But as they drove out of the shadows into the tawny, moonlit road, she looked down at the big-stepping mare, a lithe, mettlesome, sorrel with a very familiar toss of the crest and a most bewitching, coquettish smile.

"A pretty mare, Mr. Vaughn," said Miss

Dunlevy. "Is she gentle?"

"Oh, I hope so," he said. "I bought her from a lady who guaranteed her perfect manners."

"What's her name?" nervously.

"Oh, I don't know the lady's name. Her coachman dealt with me."

"I mean the mare's name."

"Whalbone," said Tom, "that's what the coachman said, but I don't like it. Do you?"

A scream was the answer, for at that instant one of those wheezing, gasping French autos, with a headlight as big as the full moon, came darting down the hill toward them.

"Whalbone will run away, Tom!" said the girl, involuntarily clinging to his arm.

"Oh, no she won't. The lady assured me that the mare was city-broke, and—"

"Hold her, hold her, Tom!" The terrified girl was watching the coming juggernaut and the nervous mare by turns.

"Put your arms round my waist, Helen," said Vaughn, and as she gripped him and hid her face behind his broad back she heard the hiss of the machine as it flew by, the cart leaped up and forward, there was a volley of hoof beats on the wooden bridge and above the roar of the spinning wheels and the jolting groans of the two-wheeler she heard Tom cry:

"Hold on tight, Helen! Keep your head down and hold on. The mare is running away."

And as they flew through the darkness, ricocheting against rocks, bounding over obstacles, swaying from side to side, she began to wonder why the strong man to whom she clung was so incapable of quelling the pony-built hackney, but when at last she heard the hiss of his whip and felt the frightened Whalbone leap forward again under the sting of its lash she sat up beside Tom, and before he guessed what she meant, she seized the reins from his hands and brought the mare to her haunches.

"Great heavens, but you're strong, Helen!" he wondered.

"She wasn't running away at all," pouted the girl, looking ruefully at his face in the twilight, "it was a mean trick, that's what it was, Tom. Why did you do it?"

"I wish I hadn't 'broke her' to automobiles, Helen," he sighed.

"Why?"

"I'd like her to run away with all my life if—"

"If what, Tom?"

"If it'd make you—er—cling to me like that, dear."

But runaways were superfluous after that. —Chicago Record-Herald.

## THE FUNDAMENTAL LAW OF HAWAII CONTAINS:

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2. The first laws of Hawaii, enacted under Kamehameha III, (1832-1842), published together in 1842.
3. The law creating and principles guiding the Land Commission.
4. The second Constitution of Kamehameha III, 1852.
5. The Constitution of Kamehameha V, 1864.
6. The Constitution of Kalakaua, 1887.
7. The Proclamation and orders incident to the establishment of the Provisional Government, 1893.
8. The Constitution of the Republic of Hawaii, 1894.
9. The treaty annexing Hawaii to the United States, 1897.
10. The Resolution of the Hawaiian Senate ratifying the annexation treaty, 1897.
11. The Joint Resolution of Congress annexing Hawaii, 1898.
12. The documents and procedure incident to the transfer of the sovereignty and possession of Hawaii to the United States, 1898; and the executive orders of President McKinley, relating to the government of Hawaii, issued during the transition period between the date of annexation and the passage of the Organic Act, 1898-1900.
13. The Act of Congress organizing Hawaii into a Territory, 1900.

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